

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

SUCCESSOR TO
CHERRY COUNTY INDEPENDENT.

ROBERT GOOD, Editor and Publisher

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1896.

Democratic Ticket.

For President
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
Of Lincoln, Nebraska
For Vice President
ARTHUR SEWALL
Of Bath, Maine

C. H. Bane of Lincoln, stated to a friend here, by letter, that there are over 700 free silver republicans in his county (Lincoln) that would vote for Bryan.—Ainsworth Home Rule.

A campaign of education would be all right if it wasn't for the fact that the fellow who most needs educating is generally the one who wants to do the teaching. See any protectionist.

Consistency is a jewel which is not in good form among a certain class of politicians this year. It graces none of the campaign buttons this year, excepting those bearing the portrait of Wm. J. Bryan.

A letter of Thomas E. Watson on Bryan's speech at Madison Square, New York, is one of the most egotistical pieces of campaign literature ever published. We don't believe Tom Watson wrote it.

The democratic congressional campaign is being run by a volunteer force of clerks. While the republicans are using money like water, democracy is being supported by patriotic, liberty loving men.

And still McKinley talks about "full" and "honest" dollars and never says a word about gold. Where is that wonderful stamina and honest conviction of purpose with which he has been so long credited?

At the populist congressional convention at Chadron last week thirty-one old soldiers were present in the audience, and on a call of the house twenty-eight signified their intention of voting for Bryan. Among them were a number of old time republicans.

It was the McKinley tariff that helped swamp McKinley, and then the millionaires who had profited by the laws made to spawn millionaires and paupers helped to put him on his feet. If he should be elected they will own him and call upon him to do their bidding.—Wymore Arbor State.

If McKinley had the backbone of Cleveland we wouldn't care a snap for that gold plank; he would just ignore it and be himself of yore,—a free silver man. But there are signs that he is in toils of the goldbugs and will have to do their bidding and veto what they don't want. That is the rub.—Delphos (O.) Courant.

David B. Hill, of New York, has come out for Bryan and Sewall, and the New York state democrats will endorse the national ticket. Hoke Smith, secretary of the interior, has resigned from President Cleveland's cabinet and will devote all his time and energy to Bryan's cause. There are more to follow.

How queer it is that McKinley stays at home all the time during the campaign. When he was governor of the great state of Ohio and the state was urgently demanding his presence at the seat of government where all kinds of business was awaiting his attention, he could be heard almost daily in some part of the country. Now that the people demand his presence among them he has become a recluse.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

How times have changed! What wonders the finance question has wrought in the opinions of us all! But of all things how the present campaign has altered the republican editor's opinion of the old soldier!

'Twas but yesterday that the republican press so loudly proclaimed the virtue of the veteran and praised him to the sky, expecting of course that the veteran would vote the republican ticket in return for the fulsome flattery that was lavishly ladled out to him. Even at the beginning of this campaign there was slight cessation of the work of dishing up sweetmeats to the veteran, and the title of "Major" was always prefixed to the "advance agent's" name. But as we said before, all this is changed.

The populist convention which indorsed Bryan had more veteran delegates than did the republican convention. The free silver convention had a large percentage of soldier delegates. We have not seen an exact statement of the number of veterans at the democratic convention, but they were there in force. All these old soldiers are for Bryan and bimetalism. Yet these facts might have been overlooked by our republican brethren if something else hadn't happened.

Dismayed at the large defections from the ranks, a few republican majors in New York issued a circular to old soldiers warning them against Bryan and telling how pensions would be reduced in the event of his election. This circular has aroused a storm of protest from veterans all over the country who dare to act, think and vote as they please. In Johnson county alone twenty-four old soldiers issued a protest against such methods and affixed their names to a document in which they pledged themselves to vote for W. J. Bryan.

The republican press has taken umbrage at this and denominates the erstwhile "gallant old vets" as the "worst collection of demerits," "populists and all around cranks" in the world and calls their honest remonstrance a "profane explosion." The State Journal says: "It is pleasant to know that the thing was produced by a populist crowd and not by republican veterans." How do you like it? If an old soldier is a republican he may call himself a "veteran" and be entitled to all the respect due the man who bears the distinction, but if he steps away from the g.o.p. he is only one of "a populist crowd." How many votes for McKinley will such language make?

INCOME TAX.

There is one plank in the democratic platform about which very little is being said but which will cut a big figure before the campaign is over. It is the income tax plank, and should be supported by every man who believes in justice. The decision of the supreme court which declared the tax unconstitutional was one of the saddest blows ever given democracy. It is to that decision that the deficiency in our revenues is largely attributable, and it is that decision which has called forth the denunciation of the court by the American people.

That decision reversed a ruling of the court of long standing, and that decision was made only because one man changed his mind, the court having rightly decided the tax to be constitutional. Four judges dissented from the opinion rendered. Justice Brown, one of the dissenting judges, said:

In my opinion the decision involves nothing less than the surrender of the taxing power to the moneyed classes. Justice Harlan said:

In my judgment this decision strikes at the very foundation of national authority, in that it denies to the general government a power which is or may be at some time imperatively needed in a great emergency, say in case of war.

Justice White said: It takes the invested wealth and reads it into the constitution as a favored and protected class of property, while it leaves the occupation of the minister, the merchant, * * * and all the various forms of human activity upon which the prosperity of the people must depend, subject to taxation without apportionment.

Justice Jackson declared that: The decision reverses the common rule of taxation by exempting those who are best able to pay and forcing the burden upon the shoulders of those who are the least able to pay.

W. J. Bryan stands squarely on that plank and should be supported by all who believe in just taxation.

The filled cheese bill takes effect September 4. Some of the cheese will take effect on the same day.

Hon. Bill Green is the populist nominee for congress from the Sixth District. He has the reputation of being able to stand more abuse without flinching than any other man now living. Many of the readers of this paper will remember the attacks made on him by W. C. Holden in his paper, Liberty, published at Lincoln four years ago.

MORE TARIFF FACTS.

Since many of the opposition insist upon maintaining that the tariff is the issue in the presidential campaign, THE DEMOCRAT will continue to give a few facts and figures on the subject. Not that it is exactly necessary, because most people realize the humbuggery of the "protective" theory, which taxes the many for the benefit of the few, but to show that this paper is not afraid of the carefully prepared figures on the yellow posters which are once more being sent out from republican headquarters. Much is being said about protection being such a boon to manufacturers, increasing exports and decreasing imports and all that. This is such a thin fabrication that there isn't much fun in tearing it to pieces, but we'll do it for the edification and education of the general public.

During the first year of the Wilson tariff there was a falling off of \$55,000,000 in our imports as compared with the annual imports under the McKinley tariff. The complete figures were given last week. Now comes the export side of the story. In 1860 the total exports of the United States were \$316,242,423, of which \$40,346,892, or 12.76 per cent of the total, were manufactured goods. In 1870 manufactured goods composed 15 per cent of the total; in 1880, 12.48 per cent; in 1890, 17.87 per cent; in 1892, the great McKinley year, manufactured goods composed but 15.61 per cent; in 1893 they increased to 19.02 per cent; in 1894 to 21.14 per cent; in 1895 to 22.14 per cent; during the past year the exports of manufactured goods amounted to \$228,489,893, or 26.47 per cent of the total. Further words are unnecessary.

These figures are irrefutable.

FOR A COURT HOUSE.

Cherry county is 63 miles wide by 96 miles long, has an assessed valuation of \$1,250,000, is the home of a progressive class of citizens as can be found in any county in the state, yet she has no court house or other public building.

The present building has been occupied by the county for ten or twelve years, and is nothing more than a great big barn, in addition to being a veritable fire trap. The county has been paying \$50 and \$60 a month rent for this building ever since it was first occupied. About \$7,000 has thus been paid for rent for the ramshackly old concern. The annual rental paid by the county for this building and the county attorney's office, which costs \$7.50 per month, is \$810.

At the coming election a proposition to issue bonds, in the sum of \$12,500 to run 15 years at 5 per cent, for the purpose of building a court house, will be submitted to the voters of the county, and it should receive the vote of every man who casts a ballot. The bonds can be floated at par, and the interest thereon will be only \$625 per annum. Here is a saving of almost \$200 per year, as the interest represents the annual rental. A sinking fund can be created which will need to raise but \$833.33 per year for 15 years. But this fund can be invested so as to realize about 7 per cent. At this rate the sinking fund will have to be only about \$600 per year for fifteen years. This will make such a small difference in the tax levy that it will hardly be noticed, when it is considered that the saving in rent and fuel, about \$800, should be further deducted from this sinking fund of \$600.

By figuring a little it will be seen that by paying \$300 per year more than we do now, the county will at the end of 15 years own a \$12,500 court house. From a business standpoint is not this a good investment?

What valid objection can be raised to the proposition? The building can be made of native stone and erected by resident workman. Very little of the money will be sent out of the county. Records of inestimable value are lying scattered around the present building with practically no protection from fire, and in the event of their loss the county would be put to untold trouble as some of them could not be replaced.

Vote for the bonds!

THE Preston Mystery

By LEROY LEACH

Author of "The Adventures of Don Enrique Romero," etc. etc.

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IN NINE INSTALLMENTS—SIXTH INSTALLMENT.

THE DEMOCRAT offers a prize of \$5.00 for the best solution of the mystery on which this story is based. A prize of \$3.00 will be given for the next best solution; \$2.00 for the third best; one year's subscription for the fourth and six months' subscription for the fifth best solution.

CHAPTER XII.

Cheyenne

Preston and his nephew laid their course toward the southwest after crossing the river and were soon in the midst of the sand hills whose abrupt peaks cover for miles that section of country which is marked upon the atlas of the sixties as "the great American desert," and "the bad lands of Nebraska."

Many men claim that a few years' since, these great sand hills were barren white sand, no grass or other vegetable growth upon them. Now we would like to have these same men explain to us what kept the deer, buffalo, Indian ponies and the horses of De Soto's Spanish expedition when they visited this same section almost four hundred years ago. Perhaps they subsisted on sand, but we doubt it. Speaking of De Soto's expedition, recent discoveries prove beyond all reasonable doubt that at least a part of De Soto's expedition which left Florida for the west in the year 1540, visited the Niobrara country. This is a fact not generally known among readers of history, but several years' since a skeleton in armor was found near the Niobrara, and near the bones were a few Spanish coins of ancient stamp, together with a flint lock, bell muzzled Spanish musket bearing on its lock the stamp of 1535. Now unless the articles and the bones were dropped here by a cyclone they prove that the Spanish, after crossing the Mississippi and heading for the northwest, did come northward as far as the Niobrara river in their search for gold.

After a week's riding the Prestons reached Cheyenne. Here they rested for several days without hearing a word from the mysterious No Name. One evening John went for stroll about the town, leaving Preston at the hotel. It was a cool and pleasant evening and the town was the scene of merry making, for the cowboys were in from the neighboring ranches for a carnival, and judging from the ear splitting din one would suppose that they were having one.

As Preston was returning from his stroll he was startled by the sound of curses, mingled with the plunging or a horse a short distance ahead of him. Drawing his pistol he hurried upon the scene of action. In the glow of the lights, somewhat dim just there, he made out the form of a man on horseback who seemed to be struggling to free himself from the grasp of two burly ruffians who had seized his bridle reins and arms and were trying to drag him from his horse.

John always termed himself the friend of the under dog in a fight. Stealing silently up he dealt the nearest man a blow on the head with his Colt's revolver that tumbled him in a heap, on which the other man loosed his hold of the horseman's bridle and dashed off down the street. After firing a shot over his head to frighten him, John turned and snapped his handcuffs, which he always carried, on the wrists of the fallen tough who was already showing signs of returning consciousness, after which he turned to observe the horseman who was admiringly watching him. He seemed to be a young man of about twenty five years of age, and was mounted on a fiery horse that showed the thoroughbred in every movement of his impatient body. The young man was fully clad in buckskin, well armed and seated in a splendid saddle of Mexican pattern.

"Thank you, pard, for your timely assistance," said the young man in a pleasant voice, holding forth a small hand, and pleased with the frank face of the young fellow, John grasped heartily the outstretched palm.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Bandit Claude Duval.

"What was the trouble, my friend?" asked John, as he and the stranger proceeded down the street.

"I was riding slowly along here when those two scoundrels sprang

from the shadows yonder and seized my arms and bridle reins. Had they given me half a chance at my pistols, matters would hardly have been so one sided."

"Very likely not," replied John, smiling.

"Do you happen to know whether there is a man by the name of Preston in town, my friend?" asked the stranger, suddenly; "I have a message for him and would like to see him."

"My name is Preston," answered John, in surprise, "John Preston is it he you seek?"

"Either John or Henry," said the young man. "Here is the message." As he spoke he handed John a small sealed packet.

They had by this time reached the brightly lighted main street, and a noisy crowd of cowboys surrounded them. They had rushed out of the neighboring saloons, aroused by the pistol shot.

As John was about to explain their encounter with the two ruffians, and about his handcuffing and leaving one of them down the street, a voice from the crowd suddenly shouted: "By heavens, it is the bandit, Claude Duval! Seize him, boys!"

With shouts the boys crowded about the famous highwayman, who only smiled as he saw them close in on him. But what happened the next moment must have surprised the rangers, for it certainly did surprise John.

Claude Duval raised the broad sombrero that he wore, and with a graceful bow and gentle "Good evening, Mr. Preston," suddenly plunged spurs and leaped his splendid bay fairly upon the crowd of men who blocked his way, and the rapid clang of hoofs sounded from out a vanishing cloud of dust down the street. Duval was gone.

"Shoot, boys!" shouted a tall ranger, gathering himself up from among a crowd of five or six half stunned and prostrate men.

Fifty pistols lighted the scene in an instant and a storm of bullets followed the vanishing form of Claude Duval. A mocking laugh floated back, followed by the flash and crack of a six shooter. The tall man turned half around and fell on his face, dead. Sobered by the tragedy the cowboys gathered up the dead man and bore him within the nearest saloon, while Preston sought his uncle.

Reaching the hotel and finding his uncle, John called him aside and, after recounting the exciting scenes of the evening, handed him the sealed envelope. With a nervous hand Preston tore it open and ran his eye over the contents. They ran thus:

"HENRY PRESTON:—My plans are at an end. Being badly wounded by road agents a few days ago, I write these few lines on my death bed. I had hoped to clear up the mystery surrounding the death of your daughter, and have all but succeeded. But the chase now ends for me and I turn my plans over to you.

"I learned but yesterday that the man who can clear up the mystery surrounding the Nebraska tragedy recently joined the troops of General Terry, and is now with the soldiers fighting the hostiles in northern Wyoming.

"Hearing the story Claude Duval has volunteered his aid to clear the matter up, and if you will leave Cheyenne to-morrow and travel north for two days you will meet him. You will find him a gallant man even though he be an outlaw.

"I rescued you from the Sioux by playing ghost and throwing a dynamite hand grenade across the Niobrara. As I did not wish to be seen, I drugged you and your comrades and getting a few tent poles and your horses that the Sioux had left in their panic, I rigged drags and conveyed you fifteen miles to the peak of the Minnekaduzza.

"When you reach the troops of General Terry inquire for Harry Lane, Troop K—th Cavalry. He is under Major Reno. When you find him you will find the golden '3,' the key of the tragedy, and will then understand the details of the story."

CHARLES GATES,
Private Detective.

P.S. "The two silver '3's' were given me by an old woman who put me on the track of the mystery. The first, I delivered to you at North Platte, the other I used you to travel north for to encourage you, as I was headed in that direction."

pany with his sweetheart, Margaret Noble, the belle of the little village, his childhood's home. Once more did he see the little vine covered stone church where they were wed, and in fancy hear the merry wedding bells.

Then the scene changed: He was in a darkened room, tossing restlessly upon his couch, when a bright light suddenly filled the chamber, coming from whence he knew not, and in its midst he saw the forms of his wife and Isabel, standing hand in hand and clad in garments snowy white.

With a smile his wife held aloft a golden "3" which gleamed in fiery splendor, in an outline of flame, and with the forefinger of her left hand she pointed toward the eastward, then she spoke:

"The mystery will soon be made clear to you, my husband. Go to the north; there in a scene of blood and carnage will you find the golden "3."

Then the light faded, and with it the forms of his loved ones, and, with a cry, Preston woke to see the rays of the rising sun shining in the eastern window.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IT DIED IN DISGRACE.

Said Thomas R. T. Geddis to the editor one day recently: "If you do or say anything which I think is not right, I will speak of it in my paper and say what I think of it. If I was to die, I would speak my sentiments." Whereat the editor was much impressed and resolved to do likewise.

Thomas R. T. Geddis is quasi publisher and editor of The Western News, a populist paper which started here August 12 with a circulation of 700 copies." Geo. H. Reinert, of Osceola, Springfield, Ainsworth, etc., is the proprietor.

The Western News made its first appearance as the "leading populist paper of the northwest" one week ago Friday, being peddled from the arms of the editor. The next day a few papers were put in the postoffice. With the aid of the Ainsworth Home Rule and the Republican of this place the infant was born. The next publication day rolled around, but the paper was not ready to go to press. Saturday afternoon came and the paper was ready but the editor was not. He was sick of the newspaper business, also of "the drink that inebriates but does not cheer." The paper has up this time, Tuesday, not made its appearance, and the men who backed the scheme are cursing themselves and all connected with it. The editor has disgraced himself, the paper and the populist party, and it is safe to say will not receive enough support in the future to sustain a canary bird. In conversation with THE DEMOCRAT he says he has not been fairly treated by Mr. Reinert, and there is apt to be war when that gentleman shows up again.

BRYAN DENIES.

For some time papers and politicians of the Chicago Chronicle and Senator Thurston stripe have been charging that W. J. Bryan has been in the employ of the silver mine owners of the west, and that his utterances in favor free coinage arose from the fact that he was being paid for so talking, not because he believed he was telling the truth. These assertions were made so frequently that Mr. Bryan felt called upon to deny them, which he did in the following words:

I have never at any time or under any circumstances been in the employ of any mine owners, individually or collectively, directly or indirectly, nor have I ever been in the employ of or been paid by any bimetallic association.

This denial is certainly explicit enough, and from a spirit of fairness the papers which published the charges should publish the denial. But, sad to relate, some of the opposition papers promulgated the charges even after this denial had been given to the world. For instance, we see in a paper dated Aug. 21, there appears a statement that "Mr. Bryan does not dare deny that he has been and is in the pay of the Bimetallic League." Will that paper publish the denial of this charge? Of course it would be an insult to ask who was furnishing the money for the carloads of McKinley workers who are scouring the country at the present time. These men are all patriots and pay their own expenses—when the "institute funds" are not sufficient.

Evidently McKinley doesn't agree with those who say that Bryan is an oratorical failure. He does not want to meet him.